

# Howling at the Moon

by Rue Luna Howlett

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Summary: Ryan Howlett is heading to Hogwarts for her third year. She is quite confident that like the other two years she would be able to keep her secret, but with the dementors and her new DADA teacher, she just might have to spill the beans, And lets not forget about the murderer on the loose. Yep, there is no doubt about it, this is going to be one heck of a year... Lord help her.

## 1. The Dementor

Ryan sighed sadly as she walked towards the train in platform 9 ¾ looking at all of the kids happily greeting their friends and talking about how great their summers were. With another sad look around she loaded her trunk onto the train and then picked up her book bag and started to look for an empty cabin. Upon find one she pulled the curtain closed so that no one could look in and she could have her privacy.

Setting the bag down in the seat next to her, Ryan looked at her reflection in the window. She wasn't much of a looker. Ryan had a shaggy mop of jet black hair that many people said made her look like a boy and some bangs that were swept to the right. She had green blue colored eyes that seemed to glow and her face was littered with freckles that went all the way down her arms and hands.

Shaking her head she came out of her staring contest with her reflection and reached her hand down to grab a book from her large army green messenger bag. Ryan nearly jumped back in shock when the small black head of a young wolf popped out with a happy look on its face.

"Hey Flicker," She said as she put the young wolf in her lap "I guess you didn't like the cage that I got you, huh?" Flicker looked up at her with those big dark navy blue eyes that seemed to say \_'no'\_.

Ryan smiled as she watched her familiar hop off of her lap and curl up around her feet for a nap. She remembered walking into the pet store in Diagon Alley and feeling this pull to a large pen that was towards the back that was full of wolves that weren't pups but they weren't adults either. There was about six and all in various colors, but the only one she seemed to care about was the little black female pup with a white spot on her chest and the tip of its tail and two silver stripes near her butt. The moment she looked into its dark navy blue eyes that that pup was the reason she entered the store.

When the store clerk asked her if she needed any help Ryan asked him how much the pup was and that she wanted it. As he handed her the small wolf he told her that it was an Elemental Wolf and its element was fire. As it turns out Elemental Wolves, like house elves, would come to their owners when called and could teleport to anyone and anywhere they wished or were told to.

Ryan was jerked out of her thoughts when the train started to move. Looking out the window she could see a boy with a mop of black hair, kind of like hers but less tamed, running to catch the train. Upon closer expectation she saw that the boy was in fact Harry Potter, Her house's golden boy. Ryan had heard a few of the things that he did each year from one of her room mates, Hermione Granger, who is a close friend of his. From what she had heard they faced trolls, three headed dogs, large Spiders and prehistoric snakes. \_'I wonder what trouble they will get into this year.' \_She thought to herself as she watched them go past her cabin, chatting happily.

Coming out of her thoughts Ryan looked into her bag and pulled out what looked to be a book made for mice that she had made. If one were to look inside they would see on each and every page was a song name and the band that played it underneath. All they would have to do is turn to one of the pages and say 'play it for me Sam' to listen and 'oh, be quite' to stop listening. The only problem was when you wanted it to stop it stopped and if you wanted it to play again it would go back to the beginning.

Looking threw the book Ryan stopped on a Toby Mac song called 'Tonight' and said "play it for me Sam". She had gotten the Idea to make it when she had been listening to her IPod on the train ride to Hogwarts and it just stopped working when they were half way to the school. It almost drove her insane not being able to listen to her country music after a whole day of being the only American at the school. So after two years of studying and experimenting she had finally made a magic powered MP3 player.

The train ride to Hogwarts had been quiet for the most part and that was just how Ryan wanted it, but just when she thought she would be able to have a peaceful ride the cabin door opened and reveled Draco Malfoy and his bodyguards Crabbe and Goyle.

"Oh looks like it's only Beanie in this cabin," Draco said in a loud voice as he pointed to her, looking at the slightly baggie beanie on her head "the Gryffindor outcast, she won't do anything to us if we take this cabin." He told his henchmen confidently as he attempted to enter only to be shoved back by Ryan, who was now standing in the doorway with Flicker by her side growling lowly in the back of her throat.

"I don't think so bub," Ryan said as she glared at them "This is my cabin, now leave, or else."

"Or else, what" Malfoy asked as he got up from the ground and dusted himself off and then sneered at her "you'll hit me with your hat?"

Ryan smirked mischievously and grabbed him by the front of his robes and lifted him effortlessly off the ground. Malfoy's scared eyes seemed to plead with her to put him down when he looked into her glowing ones. She then threw him into his Hench men and they all fell on the floor in a big heap.

Shutting the door slightly she poked her head out and said "And stay out!" Flicker snorted her agreement as the door was closed and followed Ryan back to the seat and once again curled up around her feet.

Ryan sighed as she sat back down and adjusted the black beanie on her head. She had been wearing beanie hats ever since she was seven. It greatly annoyed all the teachers at Hogwarts and had gotten her many detentions when she refused to take it off. Snape even tried to pull it off her head once in a potions class, but Ryan had found a spell that made it impossible for anyone other than herself to take the hat off. It had also become a game to the Weasley twins to try and take her hat off. What nobody realized was that her hats were hiding the biggest secret that Ryan ever had.

Because Ryan Howlett was not your average witch. No, she was also a mutant that had the same powers as her father and then some. Her father Logan, aka Wolverine, has regenerating cells and three claws that come out between his knuckles. Ryan had been taken by her uncle, Victor Creed, to General Stryker's Island as revenge against her father for leaving him behind. On the Island Ryan experienced more pain than she imagined her body could take when they coated her bones in Adamantium. Then later that night they injected Guardians' <sup>1</sup> blood into her body to see how it would react to new blood. The next morning she woke up and found that she had two black tipped white wolf ears and a white wolf tail with a black tip and found that she could also take the shape of a wolf that was just slightly larger than average.

After Ryan escaped Stryker's Island she started to wear beanies to prevent anyone from seeing her ears. To hide her tail was just slightly harder, but she started to wear trench coats to hide it when stuffing her tail into her jeans just wouldn't work anymore. As time began to pass Ryan noticed that, despite the metal coating her bones, she was still growing normally.

Then she got her Hogwarts letter. As it turns out, her mother was a witch and that she had been on the list since birth. Professor McGonagall had come to the Orphanage that she was staying at in Texas and told her all about magic and the school and here she was now, three years later, on her way to Hogwarts for her third year.

The ride had been very nice, aside from the incident with Malfoy; Ryan had simply read the How to Train Your Dragon Series and listen to her music as it began to rain outside when the train started to slow to a stop. Ryan looked up from her book; they couldn't possibly be at Hogwarts yet. She looked out the window and didn't see anything

but the forest. She was going to get up and look out of her cabin when the lights started to flicker and finally went out leaving them in the dark. Looking towards the window again, Ryan used what little light she could to feel around for the door when she heard the creaking sounds of the door opening. Since it was so dark she could just make out the outline of a tall figure floating in the door and could hear its deep, hoarse breaths as if it was having problems breathing. She then noticed the cold that started to settle in the room, it made her feel as though she had just jumped into the Arctic Ocean. Flicker stood in front her protectively and growled to the thing as Ryan's eyes rolled into the back of her head.

The first thing Ryan noticed when she opened her eyes was that she was back in Canada and the scene that met her eyes was just one of the few memories that haunted her each and every night. She was tied up rather tightly on the ground with her back being propped up against the car looking at her mother with tears in her eyes. Her mother was being held off the ground by the man that Papa had told her all about, Victor Creed, her uncle.

He was talking to both of them in a voice that held so much joy at their predicament, that it filled her with so much fear that she thought she would never be able to feel safe again. Ryan closed her eyes when she saw his clawed hand reaching for her mother's throat and heard her mother begging pleading with him to let Ryan go before she let out one last scream of pure terror. Ryan heard the sound of her mother's throat being ripped out and she screamed out with just as much terror as her mother had when she felt something warm and sticky being sprayed on her.

Blood. She realized with panic. It was her mother's blood that covered her and she thought that she would be sick. Despite her fear Ryan opened her eyes and instantly wished that she had kept them closed. The site that she saw would be forever burned into her head and haunt her till her dying days. There was her mother, lying in a puddle of blood that was rapidly growing, with her throat torn to shreds, taking her last breath. Ryan almost didn't recognize her, and she screamed for all she was worth, praying to God that she was in some twisted nightmare-

"Miss? Miss, are you alright?" A male voice asked her as she slowly became aware of her surroundings. Opening her eyes tiredly Ryan saw a man with light brown hair and corn blue eyes looking at her with worry. Looking around she also saw Flicker sitting near her looking at her with a worried expression, whining occasionally, and she noticed that she was lying on the ground and they were moving once again. The man moved over when she tried to sit up the first time, but fell back when she realized that her arms couldn't support their weight. She felt as though she had just run a marathon, twice.

"Here, let me help you." The man said as he lifted her up, which was an amazing feat and sat her down on the bench seat. He then sat down next to her breathing a little heavier. "Not to offend you, but you're heavier than you look." He told her with a breathless laugh but became more serious when he saw the pain and horror that was still lingering from the memory as well as the silent tears that were rapidly falling down her cheeks.

"Wha-what was Th-that?" Ryan asked, trying not to break down crying,

which was harder than usual. She just couldn't forget the panicked and terrified screams or the site of her mother, mauled and bloody, lying dead on the side of the road.

"Thatâ€¦ was a Dementor," He told her as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a bar of chocolate and handed her a piece. "Here, eat this, it will help." Truthfully Ryan felt right as rain, do to her rapid healing all the cold and exhaustion had long since left her body, but took the chocolate anyway. The man then got up; talking about owling the Headmaster and other stuff she couldn't hear and left the cabin. As soon as he left Flicker hopped up onto the seat next to her and Ryan wrapped her arms around her neck and let it all out. She buried her head into Flicker's neck as her body was racked with her sobs, and Flicker would simple whine occasionally to try and calm her down.

Feeling like it wasn't working; Ryan then laid down on the floor and shifted into her wolf form. She was a white wolf with Black markings on the tips of her ears and tail. On the left ear she had two gold hooped earrings and around her neck she had a small silver chain that had a dog tag that said '126' and a gold heart locket.

As she lay whimpering on the ground Flicker came and curled up next to her and nuzzled her face into Ryan's neck to comfort her as well as licking her snout. And that was how the rest of the ride went until they finally made it to the station. When they finally stopped Ryan shifted back to human packed her stuff up and told Flicker that she had to flash back to her cage, which she did so grudgingly.

Ryan hopped of the train and sprinted toured the carriages being pulled by Threstrals, horses that look like skeletons covered with the membrane seen on bat wings. They had given her quite the fright in her second year, but now she had come find them oddly beautiful.

Jumping into the first carriage she saw, Ryan sat down and just tried to focus on breathing, and it was working to until they passed the gates where to dementors stood and she felt the cold once again and saw her mother's body, which had the tears streaming down her face once more. The ride to the castle was great and by the time they came to a stop, the only thing Ryan to show of her episode was the tear tracks on her cheek. Ryan waited until the others in the carriage got out and checked her hat, before following them to the castle.

Just as Ryan was about to enter the great hall, her thoughts revolving around the thought of food, a voice stopped her train of thought in its tracks, "Potter! Howlett! Granger! I need to speak with you three!" looking up from the spot she stopped at when her name was called, Ryan saw Professor McGonagall standing not too far from her. Picking her way out of the crowd was not as hard for her, because everyone instinctively avoided her. When she finally reaches her Head of House, she was telling Ron Weasley, Potter and Grangers friend, to join the rest of the students in the hall. After he left Professor McGonagall motioned for them to follow her and they started off down the hall, up a flight of stairs and down a corridor. She ushered them into her office, a small room with a large warm fire. Professor McGonagall gestured for them to take a seat and sat behind her desk and said suddenly, "Professor Lupin sent an owl a head to say that you two were taken ill on the train." She said pointing to Ryan and Potter.

Potter looked as though he was about to answer her but before he could a soft knock sounded and Madame Pomfrey, the school nurse, came bustling in. Ryan Watched in amusement as Potter's face turned bright red "I'm fine," he said in a British accent, "I don't need anything" "â€œ"

But Madame Pomfrey just ignored him, "Oh, it's you, is it," She said while bending down to look at him closely "I suppose you've been doing something dangerous again?"

"It was a Dementor, Poppy," said Professor McGonagall "It got both Potter and Howlett."

They shared a dark look before Madame Pomfrey clucked disapprovingly and returned to looking potter over.

"Setting Dementors around a school," she muttered, pushing back Potter's hair and feeling his forehead. "They won't be the last one's who collapse. Yes, he's all clammy. Terrible things, they are, and the effect they have on people who are already delicate"-

"I'm not delicate!" said Potter crossly.

"Of course you're not," said Madam Pomfrey absentmindedly, now taking his pulse.

"What does he need?" said Professor McGonagall crisply. "Bed rest? Should he perhaps spend tonight in the hospital wing?"

"I'm fine!" Said Potter, jumped to his feet, his face getting redder.

"Well, he should have some chocolate, at the very least," said Madam Pomfrey, who was now  
>trying to examine his eyes.<p>

"I've already had some," He told her. "Professor Lupin gave me some. He gave it to all of us."

"Did he, now?" said Madam Pomfrey approvingly. "So we've finally got a Defense against the Dark Arts teacher who knows his remedies?"

"Are you sure you feel all right, Potter?" Professor McGonagall asked him as she eyed him up and down.

"Yes," Potter said exasperatedly and Ryan tried as hard as she could not to laugh at his face.

"Very well. Kindly wait outside while Madame Pomfrey examines Miss Howlett." Professor McGonagall said.

As Potter left, Madame Pomfrey turned her attention to Ryan and did the same examination. When she was done she looked at the tear tracks that ran down Ryan's cheeks and asked her how she felt, "I'm ok now," She told her with a small smile in her slightly southern accent "Ever since Professor Lupin gave me that chocolate ah have felt as right as rain." She lied easily, she had been perfectly fine before the chocolate, but Madame Pomfrey didn't need to know that.

Professor McGonagall nodded her head and told her that she was free to go wait outside with Potter as she talked to Granger. When she left the room Madame Pomfrey came out as well and with one good look at Potter walked back to the Hospital Wing muttering under her breath so low that even Ryan couldn't hear her. Ryan and Harry stayed silent as they waited on Hermione and Professor McGonagall to immerge. A few minutes later they both came out of the office and made their way back towards the Great Hall together.

When they entered they had just enough time to see Professor Flitwick carry a three legged stool, with a raggedy old hat perched on top, out of the great hall. '\_Oh darn!\_' Ryan thought to herself, '\_We missed the Sorting.' \_As she walked to her seat a lot of the kids pointed at either Harry or herself, but mainly Harry.

'\_Figures,' \_Ryan thought to herself, '\_News travels through Hogwarts faster than a juicy rumor in a small town.' \_She found a seat that was in between two fifth years that seemed to scoot away from her. Ryan sighed when she saw this. She was a Feral, a mutant who basically acted like an animal at times, and because of this no one ever wanted to be near her. One reason she didn't have any friends.

Before she could dwell on her thoughts any longer Albus Dumbledore, the schools Headmaster, stood up. Albus Dumbledore had to have been the oldest person she had ever met, excluding her father and uncle. So really he was the oldest looking person she had met with that long silver hair and beard.

"Welcome!" He said and the hall was silenced instantly. "Welcome to another year at Hogwarts! I have a few things to say to you all, and as one of them is very serious\*\*, \*\*I think it best to get it out of the way before you become befuddled by our excellent feastâ€|"

He paused here to clear his throat and then continued saying, "As you will all be aware after their search of the Hogwarts Express, our school is presently playing host to some of the Dementors of Azkaban, who are here on Ministry of Magic business."

Looking angrier than she had ever seen him, Dumbledore paused once again to let the news sink in before continuing, "They are stationed at every entrance to the grounds and while they are with us, I must make it plain that nobody is to leave school without permission. Dementors are not to be fooled by tricks or disguises â€" or even Invisibility Cloaks. It is not in the nature of a Dementor to understand pleading or excuses. I therefore warn each and every one of you to give them no reason to harm you. I look to the prefects, and our new Head Boy and Girl, to make sure that no student runs afoul of the Dementors."

Dumbledore paused again; he looked very seriously around the hall, and nobody moved or made a sound.

"On a happier note," he continued, "I am pleased to welcome two new teachers to our ranks this year.

"First, Professor Lupin, who has kindly consented to fill the post of Defense against the Dark Arts teacher."

Do to the experiences with past teachers; the students in the hall were reluctant to clap. Only Ryan, Potter and his gang and a few others were clapping happily. It was quite a site, seeing Professor Lupin dressed in his old and torn robes next to all the others in their good robes.

"As to our second new appointment," Dumbledore continued as the pitiful excuse for applause ended. "Well, I am sorry to tell you that Professor Kettleburn, our Care of Magical Creatures teacher, retired at the end of last year in order to enjoy more time with his remaining limbs. However, I am delighted to say that his place will be filled by none other than Rubeus Hagrid, who has agreed to take on this teaching job in addition to his gamekeeping duties."

Ryan smiled when she heard that and joined in on the applause for Hagrid. The Gryffindor house nearly gave him a standing ovation. Ryan chuckled under her breath when she saw Hagrid wipe away tears of joy on the table cloth.

"Well, I think that's everything of importance," said Dumbledore. "Let the feast begin!"

The large golden plates and goblets in front of them filled with wonderful smelling foods and fine drinks. Ryan sighed contentedly as she filled her stomach with all different types of meat and sweets.

When she finished Ryan looked at all the kids talking to their friends and having the time of their lives. Oh how she wished she could have just one true friend at Hogwarts. When she first came to the school she had thoughts she was going to be good friends with one of her dorm mates, Hermione Granger. But then that Halloween night when she couldn't find Hermione at all she found her later in the common room talking and laughing with Harry Potter and Ronald Weasley as if they hadn't ever been mean to her. From then on the only times she really got her friend was in the girls dormitory.

Finally, after all the Food was gone, Dumbledore bid them goodnight and sent them off to their dormitories'. Ryan followed the crowd of Gryffindors up the stairs and threw the many corridors until they reached a large picture of a fat lady in a pink dress who asked for a password.

"Coming through, coming through," Percy Weasley called from the back of the crowd that had gathered. "The new password is Fortuna Major."

With her awesome wolf hearing, Ryan heard someone from the back of the crowd whisper "Oh no," Turning her head slightly she was able to see that it was Neville Longbottom, the most forgetful boy in Gryffindor, who uttered those words. Ryan felt for the boy, he was locked out of the common room often do to the fact that he always forgot the password.

Ryan climbed up the stairs two at a time to the dorm as fast as she could and quickly grabbed her nightgown and a book and shut the curtains around the bed. After she changed where no one could see her ears or tail, she settled down against the pillow and could only think of one thing. \_'I am so glad to be away from that dang orphanage.' \_



\*\*(1) In Andrea Cremer's story Nightshade, The wolves and people are one in the same. They never shed their cloths, and anything that is on them when they shift into a wolf will still be with them when they change back. Also, their Blood can heal any wound when you drink it. In this story Guardians will be very powerful creatures that only muggle weapons and Wraiths can hurt. Which means, if Ryan is hit with a killing curse or one that is meant to do major bodily harm it will not work, just sting a little. \*\*

\*\* I would also like you to know that this is my first Harry Potter Fic, and I know that I am not the best writer in the world. So please no flames if you do not like it, but I will take any advice you can give me. Also know that I have a record of never finishing Fictions because of Writers Block or evil plot bunnies, but I will try my darndest to finish this one. So please comment and tell me if you want me to continue. \*\*

\_\*\*Please and Thank You. \*\*\_

## 2. An it Started Out So Well

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><p>As usual, around 6:00 A.M. Ryan's inner alarm clock woke her up and she really quickly grabbed her cloths and all the things that she would need to use in the bath rooms. When she finally reached the bathroom Ryan looked all over the place to make sure that she was alone and locked the door. Despite the fact that she was always the first one up, every now and then someone would be in there for some reason or another. After having taken a shower and gotten dressed in her school robes and black beanie, Ryan left the restroom and ran up to her room to grab her school bag before heading to the great hall.<p>

It was around eight when the other students started to enter the hall, all of them talking about class or Sirius Black. All the noise was starting to hurt her sensitive ears and she had to repress the urge to cover her ears to block out the horrid noise. It only got harder when Malfoy and his gang came in. When McGonagall handed Ryan her schedule she couldn't think of a time when she had been happier to see the woman. Taking the sheet of paper Ryan quickly left the hall and nearly ran into Potter and his friends in her haste.

When Ryan looked at her schedule she noticed that her first class was Needle work at nine o' clock, with Professor King, on the first floor, in room ten. Looking at her watch, Ryan noticed that she had eleven minutes to get to class. So with that thought in mind she hiked her bag up on her shoulder and started to jog down the hall to her class.

Ryan had made it to the class room with three minutes to spare and only had to ask for directions once, which was a fact she was quite proud of. When she entered the classroom she was strongly reminded of a college classroom with the way it had stairs going down until it reached to where the teacher would be, and had a desk on either side of each step. There were only six tables so there would only be six

girls including herself taking the class she figured. But as time passed she was surprised to see two boys come in and sit at a desk.

She didn't have much time to ponder why two boys would want to do needle work because just as the last girl sat down, Professor King walked in. Professor King was a kid looking woman with large powder blue eyes and a few freckles here and there. Her long mahogany hair that reached her hips was pulled back into a pony tail and she greeted the class with a warm smile.

"Good morning class, I'm Professor King, and I will be teaching you how to use all different types of needles." She said in a sweet voice "I know that most of you probably signed up just so you could learn a few spells to help you out in the craft department, but before we reach these spells there is something that not many people know about needle spells. With most spells all you have to know is the incantation, but with these spells, that is not enough." She said, leaving most of them confused. "To make these spells work; you have to have already done that type of needle work without magic."

The look on the boys' faces was quite funny, Ryan thought as she looked at their shocked faces.

"So to those of you, who have already sewn, you just keep in mind that you may learn something new." She told the class when she saw the sad looks on two of the girls faces in the back row. Walking over to her desk Professor King pulled out what kind of looked like a coloring book and laid it on her desk before speaking to the class again.

"Now that is not to say that there won't be magic used," Professor King said slyly "In the top drawer on your desk you will find a book that looks just like this." She held the book up for all of them to see. "Grab it and find a pattern that you want to use. We will be embroidering in class today, so when you find the one you like head to the closet and get a tea towel. When everyone is finished doing that we will continue on." She said to them as she sat down and started to flip through the book.

Opening her book, Ryan saw that most of her patterns were of animals. After looking through almost half the book she finally landed on what looked to be a picture of a chibi wolverine. Smiling to herself, Ryan laid the book face down on the table and made her way over to the cabinet that was on the far wall. Grabbing her towel she went and sat back down at her seat.

Once everyone had a towel Professor started talking again, "Now then, to put the pattern on the towel there is a simple spell. It is called the Copy spell. You simply say 'Effingo' tap the pattern and then tap the towel where you want the pattern to go. For those of you, who are visual learners, just watch me."

With that Professor King picked up her wand, muttered the spell under her breath and tapped a page of the book. When she lifted the wand there was a small ball of light at the end of it and tapped the cloth. Setting the wand down she picked up the towel and showed it to the class. In the spot that she touched with her wand was an outline of a puppy chasing a butterfly.

Placing the tea towel back on the table Professor King turned to the class. "Now, you all do the same, and when you are done there is a frame on your desk, I want you to put it on the cloth when you have your patterns done."

Picking up her wand, twelve inch cherry wood with moonstone core, she did as she was told. She was quite surprised when it worked on the first try. Waiting a few minutes for everyone to finish, Ryan thought of what she was going to do with her towel when she was done with it, but came up with nothing.

When everyone successfully transferred their patterns onto the towels Professor King once again turned towards them, "Now that that is finished, we will begin. We are starting with Embroidery because there is no right or wrong way to embroidery. So with that in mind, don't panic if you if yours does not look exactly like mine." The rest of the class had gone exceedingly well. By the end of the hour, Ryan was thinking that it was going to be one of her favorites.

As it turned out, the other Gryffindors didn't have as good of a first class as Ryan did. She noticed this fact when she entered Transfiguration class. She unlike most of the class paid attention to the Professor, but it was kind of hard to do so when her partner was constantly trying to look over her shoulder. After nearly half the class Ryan had enough and turned to see what everyone was looking at, and saw Harry Potter, sitting in the back of the class. Everyone was looking at him as though he would drop dead at any moment.

Shaking her head she turned back to the front of the class in time to see a grey tabby cat sitting on McGonagall's desk. She smiled when she saw the cat jump off the desk and change into the Professor with a pop. Ryan, along with McGonagall was shocked to see that no one even batted an eye at her display.

Looking at them like they were nuts, it was McGonagall that asked the question she dearly wanted to. "Really, what has got into you all today?" she asked looking around at them. "Not that it matters, but that's the first time my transformation's not got applause from a class."

No one really made a move to tell her what was wrong, but they all looked towards Potter again. It was Hermione who spoke first after raising her hand. "Please, Professor, we've just had our first Divination class, and we were reading the tea leaves, and â€œ"

"Ah, of course," said Professor McGonagall, suddenly frowning. "There is no need to say any more, Miss Granger. Tell me, which of you will be dying this year?"

Everyone stared at her not really knowing what to say.

"Me," said Potter, breaking the silence that had fallen.

"I see," said Professor McGonagall, fixing her gaze on Potter. "Then you should know, Potter, that Sybill Trelawney has predicted the death of one student a year since she arrived at this school. None of them has died yet. Seeing death omens is her favorite way of greeting a new class. If it were not for the fact that I never speak ill of my colleagues â€œ" Professor McGonagall broke off, looking as though she was trying to stop herself from saying something she desperately

wanted to.

She went on, having gathered her bearings, "Divination is one of the most imprecise branches of magic. I shall not conceal from you that I have very little patience with it. True Seers are very rare, and Professor Trelawneyâ€|"

She stopped again, and then said, in a confident tone, "You look in excellent health to me, Potter, so you will excuse me if I don't let you off homework today. I assure you that if you die, you need not hand it in."

Ryan chuckled a bit at that. From what she was hearing, this Professor Trelawney, was bat crap crazy. She was glad that she took a different class than most of the Gryffindors if that was what they did. Turning around in her seat, Ryan saw that not that many kids were as convinced as she was. Shaking her head Ryan turned her attention back to the lesson.

When the class ended Ryan walked out with the rest of the class and saw Flicker sitting near the door looking for her. Smiling fondly, she walked over to her familiar, crouched down to her level, and scratched her behind the ears. "Hey girl," She said now scratching under her chin, "How ya been?"

'\_Hungry' \_The words seemed to be spoken in her head so only she could hear. Shaking her head, Ryan stood up and made a motion with her hands for the young wolf to follow. Jumping up, Flicker trotted at her feet panting happily.

Walking into the great hall, Ryan picked a seat in an area far away from the rest of her peers and sat down with Flicker at her feet. Eating happily and passing a bit of chicken to Flicker under the table every now and then, she ignored the noise as best she could. So she was just slightly startled when something was slammed onto the table, making it shake slightly.

Looking toward where the sound came from, Ryan saw Hermione talking to her friends in a harsh voice, "If being good at Divination means I have to pretend to see death omens in a lump of tea leaves, I'm not sure I'll be studying it much longer! That lesson was absolute rubbish compared with my Arithmancy class!" With that said she grabbed her bag and walked away in a huff.

"Looks like trouble in paradise." Ryan whispered to Flicker with a slight smile when Hermione stormed past. Flicker looked her in the eye tilted her head and yipped in agreement. Looking at her schedule Ryan saw that she had Care for Magical Creatures next in a few minutes. Standing up she told Flicker to head back to the dorms and left the hall.

Stepping outside was like a breath of fresh air for Ryan. The smell of rain and damp earth made her want to grab her small pack of two and run and live in the forest like the animal she knew was inside her. Sighing sadly she continued on her way to Hagrid's hut where they would be meeting to start the lesson. When she was close enough to see each student she realized that they would be having this lesson with the Slytherins. This would be interesting.

Hearing a sound coming from inside Hagrid's hut, Ryan looked in its

direction and saw Hagrid standing in the doorway. He was in his moleskin coat with his boarhound, Fang, at his feet look as though he could not wait to start. "C'mon, now, get a move on!" he called as the class approached. "Got a real treat for yeh today! Great lesson comin' up! Everyone here? Right, follow me!"

As they started to follow Hagrid towards the forest, Ryan thought that they were going to have their class there. While this may have bothered the others, Ryan had a few friends in the forest. Sadly they were only walking along the edge of the woods. Five minutes later they arrived at an empty paddock.

"Everyone gather 'round the fence here!" he called. "That's it â€" make sure yeh can see â€" now, firs' thing yeh'll want ter do is open yer books â€" "

"How?" Draco Malfoy asked in his holier than thou voice.

"Eh?" said Hagrid.

"How do we open our books?" Malfoy asked again.

As Malfoy pulled out his book that was putting up a great fight against its binds, Ryan reached into her bag and grabbed her book. Her book, unlike the others' books that were fighting them, was rather docile. It wasn't tied down trying to bite her, but it still refused to open.

"Hasn' â€" hasn' anyone bin able ter open their books?" said Hagrid, looking dejected.

Everyone shook their head no.

"Yeh've got ter stroke 'em," said Hagrid, as though this was the most obvious thing in the world. "Look â€" "

Hagrid grabbed Hermione's book and ripped off the Spellotape holding it shut. Once it was released from its binds it tried to bite Hagrid but he just ran a finger down the spine of the book. The book shivered a little in his hands before falling open and laying calmly in his hand.

"Oh, how silly we've all been!" Malfoy sneered. "We should have stroked them! Why didn't we guess!"

"I â€" I thought they were funny," Hagrid said uncertainly to Hermione.

"Oh, tremendously funny!" said Malfoy. "Really witty, giving us books that try and rip our hands off!"

"Shut up, Malfoy," said Potter quietly.

Looking at Hagrid, Ryan wanted to say something similar. He looked as though he had lost all his earlier confidence, and this was only his first class.

"Righ' then," said Hagrid, who seemed to have lost his thread, "so â€" so yeh've got yer books an'â€| an'â€| now yeh need the Magical Creatures. Yeah. So I'll go an' get 'em. Hang onâ€|"

He strode away from them into the forest and out of sight.

"God, this place is going to the dogs," said Malfoy loudly. "That oaf teaching classes, my father'll have a fit when I tell him â€"

"Shut up, Malfoy," Harry repeated.

"Careful, Potter, there's a Dementor behind you â€"

"Oooooooh!" squealed Lavender Brown, pointing toward the opposite side of the paddock.

When Ryan looked at where Lavender was pointing, she saw what had to be the strangest thing she had seen so far. The back end, hoofs and tails were that of a horse, but the front looked like a large eagle with their beaks and bright, beady, orange eyes. Their beaks and talons looked sharp and deadly. They each had on a thick leather collars around their necks attached to long chains that were held in Hagrid's large hands, who was jogging behind the creatures. He looked as if he was commanding a dog sled.

"Gee up, there!" he roared, shaking the chains and urging the creatures toward the fence where the class stood. While everyone backed away from the fence Ryan was leaning closer, as Hagrid tethered the creatures to the fence.

"Hippogriffs!" Hagrid roared happily, waving a hand at them. "Beau'iful, aren' they?"

As she looked them over once more, Ryan knew what Hagrid meant. After you got over the shock of the first glance, you could truly appreciate the hippogriffs gleaming coats going from feathers to fur in different colors; Stormy grey, bronze, pinkish roan, gleaming chestnut, and inky black.

"So," said Hagrid, rubbing his hands together and beaming around, "if yeh wan' ter come a bit nearerâ€|"

Ryan had already climbed the fence and was sitting at the top waiting for further instructions. Hearing others approaching the fence she turned and saw Potter and his friends cautiously making their way towards the fence.

"Now, firs' thing yeh gotta know abou' Hippogriffs is, they're proud," said Hagrid. "Easily offended, Hippogriffs are. Don't never insult one, 'cause it might be the last thing yeh do."

Hearing some quiet whispers Ryan turned her head in its direction and saw that Malfoy and his little gang were not paying attention.

"Yeh always wait fer the Hippogriff ter make the firs' move," Hagrid continued. "It's polite, see? Yeh walk toward him, and yeh bow, an' yeh wait. If he bows back, yeh're allowed ter touch him. If he doesn' bow, then get away from him sharpish, 'cause those talons hurt."

"Right â€" who wants ter go first?"

Looking back at the class Ryan saw everyone take an even further step

away from the fence. When she looked at the hippogriffs she saw that they weren't all too happy about being tied up.

Shaking her head sadly at their fear, Ryan hopped off the fence saying "Ah'll do it." At the exact same time potter did. Sadly it was potter Hagrid asked to go first. Muttering to herself under her breath, Ryan climbed back up on the fence.

"Oooh, no, Harry, remember your tea leaves!" squeaked Lavender in fear. But potter seemed to be trying to ignore her as he climbed the fence and walked towards Hagrid.

"Good man, Harry!" roared Hagrid. "Right then â€" let's see how yeh get on with Buckbeak."

Untying the grey hippogriff Hagrid walked it to the center of the paddock and pulled the leather collar over its head. Every one outside of the fence seemed to be holding their breath.

"Easy now, Harry," said Hagrid quietly. "Yeh've got eye contact, now try not ter blinkâ€| Hippogriffs don' trust yeh if yeh blink too muchâ€|"

From her spot on the fence, Ryan couldn't see too much of what potter was doing, but from the look on Buckbeak's face he was doing it right.

\*\*\*\*Tha's it," said Hagrid. "Tha's it, Harryâ€| now, bow." Ever so slowly potter bowed but then went up a little faster, without every exposing his neck. Buckbeak didn't seem to like that and didn't make any move to bow.

"Ah," said Hagrid, sounding worried. "Right â€" back away, now, Harry, easy does it â€" "

But to everyone's surprise, Buckbeak slowly bent his scaly legs in a distinct bow.

"All right Harry!"

"Well done, Harry!" said Hagrid, ecstatic. "Right â€" yeh can touch him! Pat his beak, go on!"

Looking more than a little nerve, potter walked timidly over to the hippogriff and stretched his arm out. Potter patted Buckbeak a few times on the beak and he looked as though he was enjoying it. Ryan could hear a faint crooning coming from the hippogriff that the others couldn't.

Seeing his accomplishment, the class broke out into applause with Ryan hesitantly doing the same.

"Righ' then, Harry," said Hagrid. "I reckon he migh' let yeh ride him!"

This seemed to be too much for Potter, as Ryan could smell the fear and nerves in his scent.

"Yeh climb up there, jus' behind the wing joint," said Hagrid, "an' mind yeh don' pull any of his feathers out, he won' like

thatâ€|"

Looking as though he would rather be elsewhere, Potter did as he was told and put his foot at the wing joint and climbed on. As he sat down he looked quite confused as he looked at the neck.

"Go on, then!" roared Hagrid, slapping the Hippogriffs hindquarters.

Startled, Potter quickly threw his arms around Buckbeak's neck as the twelve foot wing flew open and they shot off into the air. The whole class watched in awe as he flew around the pen with ease. They cheered when they saw them come in for a landing and looked more welcoming to the idea of going near.

"Good work, Harry!" roared Hagrid in excitement. "Okay, who else wants a go?"

Ryan practically flew off the fence and was directed towards the black one named Blackberry. When she had gained eye contact she bowed low and tilted her head to the side and exposing her throat, she slowly came back up. When she looked again she saw her hippogriff bow to her and instead of waiting for Ryan to come forward Blackberry walked over to her.

"Hey there," Ryan said softly as she ran her hand over Blackberry's beak and under her chin. As she started racking her fingers threw the feathers on her neck, Ryan felt something pulling on her beanie. Looking up she saw Blackberry smelling her hat and biting at it.

"Yer a smart girl, aren't ya." Ryan giggled at the prideful look as she soaked in the praise.

Looking around at the class Ryan's eyes landed on Neville, who was having problems with his Hippogriff. Since he wasn't bowing long enough and radiating fear, he simply refused to bow. Turning her gaze elsewhere, and saw Malfoy walk calmly towards Buckbeak.

"This is very easy," Malfoy drawled out. "I knew it must have been, if Potter could do itâ€| I bet you're not dangerous at all, are you?" he said to the Hippogriff. "Are you, you great ugly brute?"

That was all it took. One moment Malfoy was standing and the next he was on the ground bawling like a baby. Hagrid had a hold of Buckbeak who was trying his hardest to get to Malfoy. On the ground, Malfoy was clutching his arm as blood started to spread on his robes.

"I'm dying!" Malfoy yelled as the class panicked. "I'm dying, look at me! It's killed me!"

"Yer not dyin'!" said Hagrid, who had gone very white. "Someone help me â€" gotta get him outta here â€"

Quickly Hagrid lifted Malfoy into his arms and Hermione ran and opened the gate for him. As he passed, Ryan saw a long fairly deep gash on his arm. Yet she felt no sympathy for him, at all, even as his arm started bleeding profoundly.

As Hagrid nearly ran to the castle, the class followed at a slower



pace looking lost. Ryan was trying her hardest to ignore the Slytherins that were saying pretty harsh things about Hagrid, but Pansy Parkinson's voice kept getting through.

"They should sack him straight away!" said Pansy Parkinson, her unusually high voice leaving Ryan's ears ringing.

"It was Malfoy's fault!" snapped Dean Thomas.

When she could finally see the castle Ryan lengthened her stride and left the others behind as she made her way to the Gryffindor common rooms.

'\_And ta think,'\_ Ryan thought to herself. \_'The day had started out so well.' \_She shook her head in mock sadness and then a huge grin made its way onto her face. \_'at least ah got ta hear Malfoy scream like a girl.'\_  
>-<p>

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Ok, I am sooooooooooooo unbelievably sorry about how late this story is! So please, don't hurt me. I warned you before.<strong>

\*\*Now then this is my first time righting an accent so go easy on me. And if there is anything that you would like to see in here or a suggestion of any sort, feel free to tell me. I will accept them with open arms.\*\*

\*\*Also be for I go I would like to thank DeFeBiGoRiTy, for the comment. You inspired me to continue. \*\*

End  
file.